

A MILD, but SEARCHING EXPOSTULATORY LETTER

From the Poor and Plain-dealing Farmers of the Neighbouring
Villages, To the

MEN of BUCKINGHAM.

To the Right Worshipful the Bailiff, the Worshipful the Burgesses of the Ancient, and
sometimes Famous Corporation of BUCKINGHAM.

Right Worshipful, and Worshipful Gentlemen!

IF your late Folly and Madneſs had only a Malignant Influence upon your Unworthy ſelves; we could contentedly have left you Fools and Madmen at your own Coſts and Charges; Had you betray'd your own Liberties, whiſt ours had been ſecure, or ſold your Selves and Poſterities for Slaves, whiſt We and Ours had remained free, We love you ſo well, you might have been eternally ſuch, without any the leaſt Lett, Moleſtation, or Diſturbance from Us your poor Neighbours. Nay, had you put Fire to your own Houſes, whiſt ours had been out of the reach of your Flames, or purchaſed ſome dreadful Plague, whole Chain-hot might have mown you down by Whole ſale, whiſt we were out of the compaſs of its Contagion; we could be ſilently unconcern'd, nor have grudg'd you that Vaſſallage and Deſolation, which we confeſs you have highly merited, and you muſt confeſs you had drawn with your own Hands upon your own Heads.

But ſeeing the Frame and Conſtitution of our Parliaments is ſuch, that the Knights of one County, the Citizens of one City, the Burgesses of one Burrough, muſt Debate, Vote, Reſolve and Enact what all the Counties, all the Cities, all the Boroughs of the Kingdom are concern'd in, and oblig'd by; that we muſt pay the reckoning, which your Folly has inflam'd; that we muſt be ſick of your Drunkenneſs, that your Prodigals muſt be prodigal out of our Purſes, and what was your particular, and Perſonal Miſcarriage, muſt (if other Electors had no more Wit and Honesty than your ſelves) become a General and National Miſery; give us leave, (or elſe we muſt take it) to correct you gently, and repreſent to you plainly and impartially, your abominable Treachery to our Common Intereſt, in your late ſhameful Election of Members to ſerve in the enſuing Parliament.

It is not We, your deſpised Neighbours, 'tis not this County, but all the Counties, Cities, and Boroughs of the Land (except a few of the ſame ſordid and baſe Spirits with your ſelves) in whoſe Name, and at whoſe Suit we have drawn up this Legal Indictment againſt your illegal and riotous Election; That you the Mercenary and Debauched Bailiff, with the corrupt Majority of your Brethren, the Burgesses of the Burrough of Buckingham, not having the Fear of God before your Eyes, but being led by the inſtigation of the Devil, the Duty and Allegiance which to your Native Country you owe, forgetting, and not in any wiſe regarding, have Wickedly, Deviliſhly, and of your own Malice, forſworn; betrayed your Truſt, and as much as in you lieth, endeavour'd to deſtroy thoſe Natural and inherent Rights, thoſe Fundamental Liberties and Privileges, which all free-born Engliſhmen have, and of Right ought to enjoy; and in order to, and in purſuance of this your Treachery,

Accuſed, and Helliſh Deſign, have elected ſuch Perſons to Repräſent you, and ſerve for you in the Houſe of Commons, as are notoriously known to have forſaken the Truſt reposed in them, and have thereby expoſed the whole Kingdom to the apparent Danger and viſible Hazard of Beggary, Slavery, and Popery.

Now ſuffer us to expoſtulate the Caſe with you in all Meekneſs, and Gentleneſs. Were you in your Wits? were you sober? or rather had you not put off common Senſe? Were you not forſaken of your Reaſons, and Underſtandings; that your Wiſdoms could find no better a Stick of Wood to make a Prop for a tottering State, or a Cutch for a halting Church, than Sir Timber? A Piece ſo crooked, ſo rotten and warped in Principle, Conſcience and Intereſt, that whatever Uſe others may make of him, we poor Farmers cannot judge him fit to make an Hovel-poſt! The Devil was formerly ſo modeſt as to be Content with his Chappel, where God had his Church, but ſeeing he has now aſpired to, and taken Poſſeſſion of the Temple, into what Chappel of Eaſe will you crowd th' Almighty?

There are few Sinners ſo deſperate, but will ſeek to find ſome Excuses which they may ſtick together to palliate their Guilt, and hide their Nakedneſs. But You are certainly forſaken of all Pretences which may mitigate your Crimes, and alleviate your Punishment. Can you plead Ignorance, or pretext Surprise when your Sir Timber was the Original Sinner in the Muſter-roll of the Club of Unanimous Voters? Has he not there ſtood like Judas in the Fore-front of the Infernal Regiment of Penitents? Has not Common Fame print'd a Paper to his Breſt, wherein is ſignified to the World how he has ſold his Country to the County Liberty, to Preſcriptive, and Property, to Will and Pleaſure? Is he not now notorouſly known to the Engliſh World, by the Name of Sir Timber? and if you ask him, who gave him this Name? muſt he not answer, That either your ſelves, or Legion, was his Godfather? For, did he not erſe make you a bribing Profeſor of Timber to rebuild your Town-houſe; which vaniſh'd all away by the Magic Art of the ſame Devil that brought it? Was he ſo great a Knave to cheat you once, and are not you greater Fools to be cheated twice?

But we your plain and honeſt Neighbours do yet hope and pray that you and we may find the Repräſentative Body of England of ſo ſound and healthy a Conſtitution, as by the Strength of Nature to purge off thoſe evil Humours which by your Fault they have contracted; and as our late renewed Parliament once before caſt him into the Draught, ſo they will never again lick up their Excrement. And as he was once cut off from their Body as a rotten Member,

ber, so they will never accept from you a wooden Leg made of such putrified Timber.

Yet, had you selected out of all these worthy Gentlemen, wherewith your Neighbourhood has plentifully furnished you, some one whose Vertues might have corrected the Malignity of his Vices, whose Fidelity might have season'd his Treachery, and whose true English Spirit might have ballanced his degenerated Spirit; we had shewed our Impartiality in commending what was Good, as well as condemning what was Evil and Unworthy in you, and that we durst no more conceal your Merits than your Guiltiness. But you took special Care, it seems, that we should find nothing in you Praise-worthy, and have therefore coupled with him a Colleague only meet for you and him. Vile Miscreants! could you find none to be Judge of a trayterous Father, but a treacherous Son? Could you think him meet to sit within the Walls of the House of Commons, whose great Interest and Merits lye within the Walls of the Tower? Will not he in his own Defence obstruct Justice, when Justice would obstruct his Possession of a vast Estate amassed by betraying us to Arbitrary Power, selling us to the French, enslaving us with a standing Army, which no Parliamentary Votes, and Acts can disband; and assisting the Papists in carrying on their late Plot, and damnable Treasons?

Had you seriously reflected upon your Treacherous Actions, had you testified your Repentance, or given us any Hopes that you had slept out your Debauch, we had looked on you with some Commiseration; or had your Priests called you to the Stool of Repentance, where you had given Satisfaction to the World by Confession of, and Contrition for your Villanies, we had encouraged in our selves any feeble Hopes, and in you, any weak Appearances of Amendment: but when you, and your *Tribe of Levi*, Brethren in Iniquity, maintain a cursed Combination to advance absolute Power to the Destruction of our Properties, and to tear from us our Secular, and Civil, as you have already done our Religious Birthrights, and yet no Sign of your returning to a better Mind appears; what could we do less than in this innocent and gentle Way chastise you, till our noble Representatives shall convene, in some Measure to render unto you proportionable to your Works?

We do therefore hereby declare our Detestation of your Perfidiousness; we protest against your Election; we proclaim you Infamous to all after Ages; we renounce all Commerce and Converse with you as men; we excommunicate you from the Society of all true hearted Englishmen; as Christians we will neither Eat nor Drink, Buy nor Sell, Deal nor Trade with you in your Fairs, or Markets. We will set the Red-cross upon your Doors; and do by these Presents warne the whole Kingdom in general, and this Scandaliz'd County in Particular, that they fly, as from a Common Pestilence, the mortal Contagion of your Persons, and Habitations.

We shall further humbly Petition his Grace, whose noble Family has borrow'd a Flower from your now Apostatiz'd Corporation, to adorn his Coronet; that he would be pleas'd to procure, and sue out an Alteration of his Patent, that there may be no noble Family to stain it's Coat with such an

accus'd Denomination: And shall further humbly petition his Sacred Majesty, that you may be disfranchis'd; a perpetual Brand of Infamy set upon you; and never more entrusted with that Privilege which you have so wickedly abused: that to the highest Officer in your degraded Town may be the *Hog-beard*, since you have sold your Country (like the *Gadarens*) for your swinish Luts, and would have sold your Saviour at the same Rate, if any had cheapen'd him; and your Religion too, such as it is, had any Chapman thought it worth the Buying.

And now ye Renegadoes from the Interest of your Native Country! can you flatter your selves that we will ever Revere your Fox-skin? adore your Thred-bare Gowns? tremble, at the Idle Ceremony of your Mass, or worship your titular Gravities; who have prostituted Authority, debauched Power, and now stand convicted of a most abominable Conspiracy against the Lives, Liberties, Religion, and Being of England?

If you should chance to Repent (it must be against your Wills if ever you do) do not imitate the hypocritical Repentance of *Ludgerfall*, whose dry Drunkenness has proved more Pernicious to the Publick Safety, than their Liquor: and have made a worse Choice, Sober, than perhaps they had ever done when stark Mad; and are now the onely Burrough who being Reformed, have contributed to a Nations Ruin.

Good Mr. Bailiff! Let not your Worships thick skin be too sensible that we thus Tan your Hide; and you the Burgeses, be patient whilst we tell you your own, in our Home-spun, rustic Language; We do but speak what the whole Nation thinks, and 'tis but short, yet sweet: you are a pack of Villains, for whom the Gallows hath long groan'd; and that fatal Tree at your Towns-end must be for ever barren, till you become its fruit; your Rottenness has made you ripe for Hanging; and how would it compleat and crown the Plenty of this Year, could we see you, and all our Pensioners hang like ropes of Onions upon such fruitful Trees. We shall confess you have made a Choice to some Purpose, when you have hew'd out a substantial pair of Gallows out of your own Timber, and you and your Brethren shall be pleas'd to take a Swing or two under its Shades.

You will say, perhaps, that we do but rail; and we do ingeniously confess, there was no help for it: the worst Language we could o'th' sudden invent, was too good for you: we have not the Art to embalm a stinking Carrion; we cannot perfume a Dunghill; onely we do heartily repeat, that at the beginning of our Address, we Style you *Right worshipful*, and *worshipful*; forgive us this one time of treating you unsuitable to your Merits; and we do religiously promise that for the future we will Blazon you in your proper Colours, and describe you by your particular Titles; which you must be content should be none of the best, since you have taken such care to deserve no better.

In the mean time, we had left you to be chastis'd by the Strings and Lashes of your own Consciences; but they being long since mortified and past feeling, we must resign you to the Divine Vengeance, to be made in due time by some signal Judgments a Publick Example to the World, and a fair Warning to all that shall hereafter dare to betray their God, their King, and their Country.

Most Hang-worthy Gentlemen!

Go recreate your selves upon a
Gallows made of your own

TIMBER TEMPLE.

So pray most devoutly your daily Orators,

The honest poor Farmers of the
Neighbouring Villages,

S. T. R. W. &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

Mr. Bailiff!

WE have sent you enclosed the *New Buckingham Ballad*, which you may do well to cause to be read in your Town-Hall. Sir *Timber Temple* presents his humble Service to your Lady; (she knows the meaning of it) and so would we to the *Nisby Barber*, your Brother, but that we owe him none, and have little enough to pay where it is due.